



Julius Steger at the Orpheum

**JULIUS STEGER** for the past ten years has been a leading light in America's operatic world. Mr. Steger was born in Vienna, but it was in New York that he began his operatic career, singing at all the leading theaters and gaining an immense following. It was the season of 1893-94 that he first came into prominence, accompanying Marie Tempest as her principal support in "The Algerian" and "The Fencing Master." The year following he sang the title role in "His Excellency" at the Broadway theater, in which he continued throughout the season of 1895-96. The summer of 1896 Mr. Steger was at the Casino in "In Gay New York," and that winter was with Oscar Hammerstein's all-star cast in "Santa Maria" at the Lyric theater (now Criterion), and with "La Faloto" at the Casino. The season of 1897-1898 he was seen at Daly's in "The Geisha," etc., and returning to the Casino for "Lady Slavey" and "Yankee Doodle Dandy." The next two years Mr.

Steger did admirable work in "A Dangerous Maid" and "The Man in the Moon, Jr." He was then leading man in "Foxy Quiller" and "The Billionaire." He spent one season with Marie Cahill in "Nancy Brown," and for two years was one of the notable support that surrounded Lew Fields in "It Happened in Nordland." The season of 1906-07 Mr. Steger became a star feature in the leading vaudeville houses, presenting a dramatic playlet entitled "The Fifth Commandment." His beautiful singing voice, together with his unsuspected dramatic ability in a part so unlike anything he had ever appeared in before, as well as the little play itself, created a veritable sensation in every large city of America from New York to Los Angeles, whence he returns tomorrow, playing at the Orpheum. Mr. Steger's visit is especially significant this time in that he will appear in a play, "The Way to the Heart," adapted from the German by Ruth Comport Mitchell of this city.

## THE WAITER'S TIP

"Splitting a \$5 bill with a waiter when you reach a hotel and promising him the other piece when you leave if well served is a poor game," said a veteran waiter in one of New York's biggest hotels who read of it in the Sun.

"A western man tried it on me once and it made me sore. I took pains to serve him poorly, showing that I did not care for his money. I was so careless that when he was leaving he refused me the other half. I had him sized up for a cheap skate, so I pointed out to him that the piece he had was no good to him as it was and offered to buy it from him for \$2. He thought deeply a minute and declined. Then I offered to sell my half for \$3. Somehow or other this appealed to him, and he bought it and seemed happy. I'll bet he hasn't stopped figuring out yet whether he won or lost. One thing he's sure of, he didn't tip the waiter."

## CALLED ON CARNEGIE

Andrew Carnegie's philanthropy was being praised on the piazza of an Atlantic City hotel to a Baltimore Star man.

"Mr. Carnegie," said an aged Pittsburgh clergyman, "is as profoundly religious as he is profoundly charitable. All the same—"

He smiled.

"Mr. Carnegie attended some years ago one of my business men's weekday services. Seeing him in the congregation, and unaware that he was not used to praying extempore, I said, after the first hymn:

"We will now be led in prayer by Brother Carnegie."

"Mr. Carnegie arose, very red and flustered.

"Let us engage, first of all," he stammered, 'in a few minutes of silent prayer.'

"We all obediently bowed our heads and closed our eyes, and Mr. Carnegie, tip-toeing out, escaped."

## Dick Williams' Dilemma

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iams so much trouble and expense, and feared her father had exaggerated the importance of her visit. The British Isles being an unknown land to her she merely wished to find her way to her aunt, Sarah MacIvor, at Ayr, in Scotland.

With a sigh of relief Dick referred to a time table—luckily at hand—and ascertained that a train left St. Pancras at 11:30. He ordered his motor to be at the door at once, assured Miss MacIvor that her luggage would follow by the next train, dashed off with her to the station and saw her duly off to the minute.

"Thank goodness, that is off my mind," said he; "and no thanks to old MacIvor and his impudence, either. And now for the other fair Kate."

He took the return journey leisurely, going by certain devious ways, until, as the clock was striking 12, he entered the Minerva hotel, leaving the car at the door, in case of need. In reply to inquiries he learned that Miss Livingstone awaited his pleasure in the ladies' drawing room.

She rose, all dimples and smiles, to meet him as he entered the room. She had changed her dress from the somewhat severe one she wore on the eve to a dainty spring costume, which further accentuated her charms. To Dick she seemed surpassingly lovely.

"Well," said she, after the first hearty greeting, "have you seen Miss MacIvor this morning?"

"Oh, yes, and, thank goodness, I have just sent her off in search of her Aunt Sarah in Scotland."

She broke into a merry peal of laughter, her milk-white teeth showing deliciously. "I never heard of such impertinence," said she.

"Nor I," said Dick, laughing in turn. "It's colossal."

"And now," she went on, "you are burdened with poor unlucky me. What a funny little comedy it is!"

"Where is the burden?" said Dick, boldly and eagerly. "This is sheer delight."

"What is?"

"To be with you and to be of service to the loveliest girl I have ever seen. If it be a comedy to you it is a romance to me—the romance of my life. It has come upon me like a lightning flash. I love you, Kate Livingstone, as I have never loved another woman."

She stood for a second with her red lips apart and the hot blood surging to the very roots of her hair. Dick looked very handsome at this moment, and his vehemence swept her clean off her feet. Before she could realize the amazing fact she was sobbing with joy in his arms. When she found tongue again she whispered:

"I fell in love with you, Dick, the moment I set eyes on you at the station."

Explanations shortly set in. Her father was a wealthy merchant in Russia. He had become obsessed with the idea that the famous Royal Academician Williams, whom he had known from youth, should paint his daughter Kate's portrait. Letters had passed between them and it was arranged that Kate should live in the artist's home until the sittings were complete. But death broke up the pleasant arrangement, and what then happened we very well know.

At Kate's request they motored to the late artist's address in Kensington and found the house closed and for sale. That evening the pair left Charing Cross en route for St. Petersburg together. Subsequently Dick had a satisfactory interview with Livingstone pere and certain festivities in the northern capital followed ere long.

Mrs. Pennyfeather has a new mistress now.

## "CONFUSED AND WRONG"

Henry E. Dixey at a dinner at the Lambs' said of an actor who failed in a new part:

"His idea of the part was so confused and wrong that it reminded me of Ferguson."

"Ferguson, you know, awoke one morning after a studio supper—you know what studio suppers are—and groaned and muttered:

"Dear me, what a headache."

"He screwed up his lips in disgust. The taste in his mouth was horrible. He thought he'd have a look at his tongue, and, reaching out for the hand glass, he took up by mistake a silver-backed hair brush."

"He stared at the bristles a long while, then he shook his head and said:

"Fergy, my boy, you certainly do need a shave."

Small talk often makes big trouble.

## The Castle of Gloom

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Bennington will make her come to, with a few of his barkers. If he can't rake off her pilot-house and take down her smokestack inside of a dozen shots, I'm no judge of his skill. That fellow didn't serve on the Olympia for nothing."

"The Sea Gull's marksmanship is not far behind that of our own boat," replied Fosdick. "Jim Blackwell picked up three or four men from the navy, any one of whom could make splinters of the bowsprit if they got within reach. And yet it would be risky business to shoot in New York harbor. A 12-incher might cut a hole through the town, clear to City Hall Park."

"Let it, then!" exclaimed Van Tassel. "Let it cut a hole clear through New York to the East river! Who cares? Isn't the princess of more account than all of New York? If we can save her, Ben, why not bombard the whole water front?"

Acting on the impulse, he sent another wireless message to the Sea Gull, telling the captain to shoot, until he stopped the Ibex, if he had to burn up New York.

Fosdick was still wondering what the result of Van Tassel's rashness would be, when a different aspect was put on the affair by another wireless dispatch that came from the Sea Gull:

"Pursued the Ibex. She came to at our command, off Staten island. Offered no resistance, and submitted to search. We went through her thoroughly. No woman on board. Shall hold Ibex under our guns until Hell Diver arrives. MILLER."

Van Tassel read this telegram in blank amazement. "No woman on board!" he gasped, staggering under the shock. "What the devil does Miller mean by such nonsense? No woman on board! What have they done with Lucretia?"

Van Tassel leaned against the wall of the wireless operator's room for support while he collected his senses.

"Ben," he said in a moment, rallying, "if Miller is right, we have been outwitted again. The king has got away with his prey."

There was despair in his voice.

"It is impossible," said Fosdick. "They couldn't have got rid of Lucretia except by dropping her into the river, and that's not Leander's game."

"You forget," returned Van Tassel, "that the land is close by. He has gone ashore with her. He has taken the most simple course he could."

"Miller may be mistaken," suggested Fosdick.

"No," insisted Van Tassel, "he is too careful a man. He, too, has spent years in the navy. There are no doubts in his wireless message. He puts it squarely, 'No woman aboard.' We have made the most idiotic blunder of all. We have acted like schoolboys. We have sent a wireless dispatch to the Sea Gull to stop the Ibex, and the Ibex itself has caught the message. We have forgotten that a king's boat would surely have so modern a thing as a wireless telegraph outfit. We have warned the king ourselves of the pursuit. Fearing capture, he has put ashore with the captive. Since the Sea Gull has no cipher code we should have kept still and given chase. Once out on the ocean, Ben, we would have caught him."

(To be continued.)

## A CAT FROM MONTANA

Senator Depew was asked by a reporter as he was having his luggage examined last month if he had brought any stories back from Europe.

The genial senator laughed and replied:

"Well, in the smoke room of the ship I heard an interesting thing about a Montanan in Chester. Chester, you know, is walled. Its wide walls, on which you could drive a horse, are famous. You can circle the town on them."

"But the Montanan knew nothing about Chester. He had only arrived in Liverpool that afternoon. And as soon as he finished his quaint dinner he said to the waiter in the quaint Chester inn:

"What is the best way for me to amuse myself here for an hour or so before bedtime?"

"Well, sir," said the waiter, "it's a fine evening, the moon is full and I think you'll find a stroll on the walls most enjoyable."

"The Montanan, ignorant of the popular promenade upon the wide walls of Chester, thought he was being guyed. He frowned at the waiter and said bitingly:

"What do you take me for? A tom cat?"